

In Old Manila.



For
mother
with love from Hiram.

Easter - 1904





In Old Manila.

*A Series of Pen
Pictures of
the Philippines'
Capital by Don
Carlos W. Musser*



*Illustrated * *
With Sun Pic-
tures by * * *
Roy W. Squires.*

Copyright 1903 by Musser and Squires.

All rights reserved.



CONTENTS.

I.

It Was Night	7
His Mother's Only Son	8
The Sun Came Up	8
A Beautiful Morning	10
A Christian Frame of Mind	10
Official Robbers	10
We Entered the Pasig	11
An Erratic Beast	12
The Circus Began	12
A Policeman to the Rescue	13
He Got an Idea	13
Lost Their Self-Control	14
Our Hotel	14

II.

Some Features	17
Manila is Cosmopolitan	18
In the West	18
Occident	20
A View at Night	20
Orient	21
The Darkest Corner	22
When Knights Were Bold	23
Yon Frowning Pile	25
On Manila's Wall	26
A Snake Story	26
To Clean the Moat	29
Inspirations	30
Where the Sun Sets	31

III.

Mamerto Santiago	35
Isabel	36
Her Mother	36
Mamerto's House	37
A Nipa District	40
A Fair Type	40
Sunday Pastimes	41
We Went	43
At the Cock-Pit	43
The First Event	44
The Fight	45
A Brutalizing Sport	46
An Unfair Comparison	48
On an Intellectual Par	49
A Serious Question	49
A Suggestion	50

IV.

At War With Nature	53
Some Manila Pests	56
Baby Alligators	56
A New Incubator	57
A Tale of Greed	58
More About Ants	60

V.

Manila's Greatest Tenement	63
Dependent on Friends	63
Receive No Welcome	64
A Strange Place	66
The Bone Pile	68
A Pipe Dream	69



SUN PICTURES.

Filled the Rude Sails of Picturesque Fish- ing Craft	9	Our Little Brown Brothers	40
A Lighthouse Guards the Pasig	11	The Manila Cathedral	42
Past the Frowning Walls of Santiago	12	We Bought Flowers	43
The Binondo Church	15	She Was a Village Belle	44
The Altar of San Ignacio	18	Fringed with Cocoanut Palms	46
The Broadway of Manila	19	The Insular Ice Plant	47
No Broader than Some Folks' Religious Views	21	Toilers of the Field	48
The Isabel Gate	23	On the Banks of the Pasig	49
When Knights Were Bold	24	Mangos	51
A Bit of Old Manila	25	One of the City's Double Gates	55
The Pasig and its Wilderness of Shipping	27	Looking for all the world Like Baby Alligators	57
The Luneta	28	Two Ways of Looking at It	59
Homeward They Slowly Wend Their Way	31	A Pleasant Drive	60
Where the Sun Sets	32	Manila Canal Life	61
The King of His Tribe	33	Manila is a Center for Hemp	64
Mamerto Santiago	35	Each Room Rented for Five Years	65
A Banca with Outriggers	36	"Donde?"	66
Isabel	37	This is the Way We Wash Our Clothes	67
A Filipino's "Home, Sweet Home."	38	Monarchs of the Waste	69
A Nipa District	39	Afternoon	70
		They Could not Pay the Rent	72



CHAPTER I.



WE left our ill-smelling, acrobatic, old tub of a Hongkong steamer out in the bay with a fervent prayer that she would sink. I am afraid this is another of my prayers that is doomed to go unanswered.

IT
WAS
NIGHT.

It was night when we got here, just too late to land, and so the Doctor, and the lady from Yokohama, and the rest of us were forced to remain on board. The rest of us were mad, but the Doctor and the lady from Yokohama did not seem to mind it in the least. I happen to be a more sensible man than the Doctor, and therefore threw myself into a chair abaft the pilot house, and watched a flirtation between the lights of Cavite and those of Manila.

The moon was in the sky. This statement may be doubted by some, though it is none the less a fact, for I saw it there myself; it lit up the whole bay and plated the churches and houses, and trees, and walls of Manila with silver, or nickel, or aluminum. At least it seemed so to me from where I was sitting, on deck, watching. The moon was full and presumably happy.

HIS
MOTHER'S
ONLY SON.

Then came the man who had fought with Dewey on that memorable May 1, and, falling into a chair by my side, remarked:

"Confound it!"

"What?" I enquired, but for several minutes he held his peace; and then, finding me occupied with my own reflections, and not in the humor to be disturbed, he continued:

"I never can forget that morning."

"You had better try," I said, for I knew what was coming, and knowing him to be the only son of his mother, I had a mind to give him another chance. But it was no use, the poor fellow had to tell again how it all happened, and I listened till he got to the point where Dewey stopped for coffee, and I could stand it no longer. I got up, found a marlin spike and with it cracked his skull; and then, with a soft chuckle of delight, I caught him gently in my arms and heaved him overboard.

THE

SUN

CAME

UP.

Next morning the sun came up. Again I may be doubted but it is well to remember that appearances are oftentimes deceptive, and that a fact told in plain homely language, is just as much a fact as a fact all varnished over with high-school adjectives. For instance, if I had said: "The day broke in splendor. The great, golden sun sprang lightly from his couch behind the Morong hills and flooded the wide world with the light and glory of his presence, so that field and meadow and rolling upland, and town and hamlet and city awoke, as it were, from a dreamless sleep to a new life of healthful and joyous activity.

Birds trilled in the tree tops: their sweet songs of praise, wafted on the gentle breezes that came from shore, filled the air. And as the god of light rose higher in heaven's dome, church spires and rusty walls caught flying sunbeams and twisting them into all the gorgeous colors of the rainbow, threw them broadcast over land and sea. A passing breeze, freighted with the rich spices of the mystic East, filled the rude sails of picturesque fishing craft and sent them scurrying on their several ways over the bay whose bewitching ripples danced and glistened as though crusted over with diamonds. Scores of ships of war and commerce, flying the flags of a dozen different nations, added greatly to the entrancing picture, as did also the many little launches that went plowing and puffing their ways from shore to shore; and what with the gray walls patched with moss, clumps of bamboo, avenues of palms and, and, er," that is to say, if I had made this statement it would have been no more the truth than the simple one already made, namely, "The sun came up."



Filled the rude sails of picturesque fishing craft.

A
BEAUTIFUL
MORNING.

But as a matter of fact, the morning was a very beautiful one. Manila, this old city of magnificent churches and flying shirt tails, is not as impressive from ship-board as one might imagine; it is too low, and its coast line is too straight and monotonous to be inspiring. But the sky was clear and the air was fresh and cool, and all nature seemed to be at peace. As for myself, I felt that I could more than ever realize the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. My heart swelled with love for my fellows; the beauty of earth seemed mixed and blended with the glories of heaven, and I felt that I knew what it meant to be born again. Halleluiah! I was saved! the dark spots in my life were gone never to return. The past, dead; the dawning future, illumined with the love of the Divine Master. I longed to take the poor, the down-trodden, the wretched outcast and all who were weak and heavy-burdened

A
CHRISTIAN
FRAME
OF MIND.

in my arms and whisper love and peace into their weary ears. And while in this beautiful, this divine, this Christian frame of mind, the Doctor, ready for the shore, poked me in the ribs and asked: "What shall I give the Steward?" "Hell," I replied, and went below to finish packing.

OFFICIAL ROBBER. Then came a launch full of Uncle Sam's official robbers. They were customs inspectors; at once uniformed and uninformed. They were energetic and began their diabolical work without delay. If there is one thing I admire in a customs officer, and I don't think there is, it is his ability to make trouble. If I could make as much trouble as he can, I would go and hire out as a Hoodoo or a Jonah. I would make typhoons sick with envy; I would make earthquakes hide themselves with shame; I would drive cholera to self-destruction. I would for a fact. But I happen to be handicapped with a conscience; I can't make trouble like the custom house

can. My capacity in this respect is limited; it does not exceed that of a tidal wave or a volcano. When I get right down to business I can cause as much suffering as pestilence and famine, but I am an angelic dream compared with the custom house in Manila.

But for the same reason that no one calamity can endure forever, the custom house scourge, in so far as we were concerned, finally came to an end, and we entered a launch: the launch entered the Pasig just where the Pasig enters

the bay, and shrieked its way up past the Anda Monument, past the frowning walls of Fort Santiago, past a thousand vessels of all kinds from the outriggered banca to the inter island

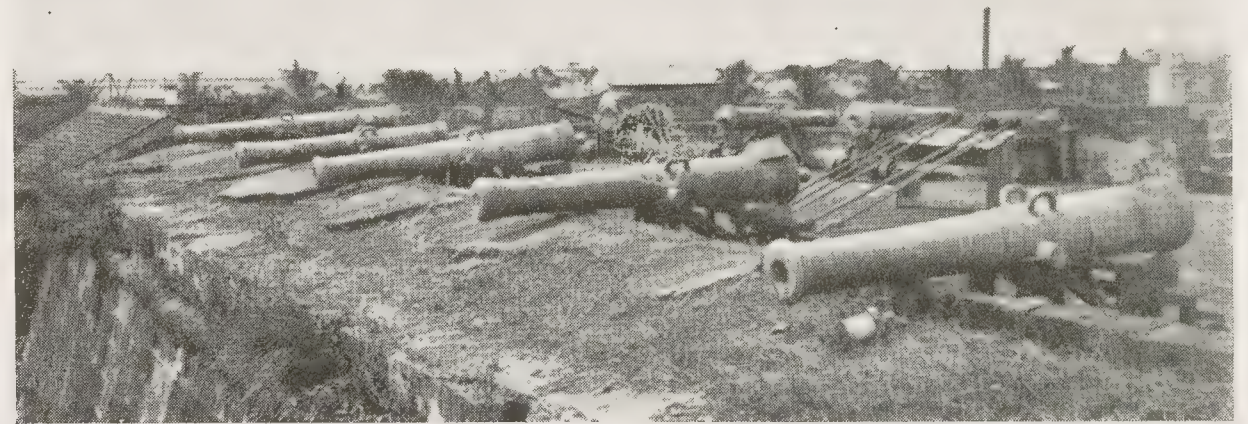
WE steamship, past the custom house **ENTERED** and landed us just in front of the **THE PASIG.** Captain of the Port's. Here we entered a man cage on two wobbly wheels attached to the most fiendish specimen of horse flesh I ever saw. He was an erratic beast, richly endowed with a coarse brand of horse humor; and though he did not seem large enough to create a respectable nightmare, he boasted a pair of the most terrific, semi-re-



A Lighthouse guards the Pasig.

AN versible hind feet that ever came
ERRATIC over the pike. If Chain Light-
BEAST. ning could happen around some
time when this horse was awake, he might
gather some good pointers.

We got seated and closed the little door
behind without first learning its combina-
tion, the driver threw away his cigarette
and said ugh! The horse feigned sleep;
the driver rested a moment, and then,
giving the reins a savage jerk, he repeated,
ugh!! The horse showed faint signs of life but refused to budge, he was meditating. Ugh! *ugh!*
UGH! tsch! tsch! tsch! tsch! tsch! *tsch!* UGH! UGH!!! LOCO!!! We had not moved a step; so
after another brief rest the driver climbed down, took the handle of his whip and proceeded to
vigorously tickle the little beast on his stomach, which seemed to be just what he was waiting
for, as the circus began without any further delay. In the first act the horse showed us how
much higher than the dash board he could put his feet, after which he acted like an old fashioned
THE whirligig, turned around and around, much to the amusement of a few of his four-
CIRCUS footed fellows attached to similar man cages, who now and then gave expression to rude,
BEGAN. uncultured horse laughter while his master tried hard to dissuade him from such unseemly



Past the frowning walls of Santiago.

conduct. Finally he bolted forward at a go-get-the-doctor gait, but as it happened, in the wrong direction.

The driver was somewhat of an acrobat. He managed to regain his seat, then with a jaw-breaking jerk, he brought the horse back on his haunches. The beast was disappointed but far from discouraged or baffled; he had started for the river and had no intention of giving up over so trifling a check. For the Filipino horse there is more than one way of winning a point, and so, with a suddenness that was contrary to all reason, climate considered, he whirled around and began to back.

Now there are a number of things a native horse would rather do than go forward, and one of them is to go backward; and while the driver did everything possible to urge our fiery steed on, and while we endeavored frantically to open the crazy little door that held us prisoners, the wide stretch of the river got so uncomfortably near that it seemed no power under the sun could

A
POLICEMAN save us. An American policeman saw our predicament, however, and just as the Doctor
TO was about to fall upon my neck in a last embrace, he caught the little pony in his arms
THE RESCUE. and carried him to a place of safety; whereupon the beast kicked him three times on the revolver pocket before he could say scat.

HE GOT
AN IDEA. Our horse got an idea, and got it all through him at once. Without stopping for explanations, he dashed off at a mad gallop up San Fernando street, and that we might not miss any of the sights of this oriental hodge-podge, he cantered from one side of the thoroughfare to the other like a locoed letter carrier. It was an exciting ride; more

exciting even than ping pong, and quite as idiotic. Crash! We collided against another man-trap attached to another erratic horse that was doing the town in the same interesting manner that our horse had chosen.

Somehow or other the drivers of these erratic horses seemed to lose their self-control; the monotony of the situation was beginning to pall on their nerves, and to make matters worse, the Doctor grew peevish and wanted to get out and walk. And then when the collision came our horse lost his idea and decided to stay there and rest a while, which I myself thought was a little inconsiderate.

The two drivers were trying to outswear each other in a mixture of three languages, and I was trying to get a bet out of the Doctor as to the outcome, when another policeman happened on the scene and ordered us off. By this time the horse had to be awakened again, and then he was mad beyond all reason; he bolted without warning after a Chinese coolie who staggered along under a load no self-respecting mule would carry, and who escaped the unreasoning fury of our remarkable horse by the merest accident. Our rear wheel caught on one of the horns of a passing carabao, and when we got matters untangled again the horse was asleep.

Some one swore and said the dirty little beast was as bad as the custom house, and ought to go to the same place when it dies. But just then we gained the General Blanco Bridge and saw the picturesque, old Binondo Church loom up before us. The hotel was not a great way farther, and by dint of much persuasion we reached it in time to dress for dinner; but as our baggage had only left the water front that morning per carabao cart, we had no clothes to dress in.



The Binondo Church.



CHAPTER II.



HIS city has features that cannot be described; its smells for instance.

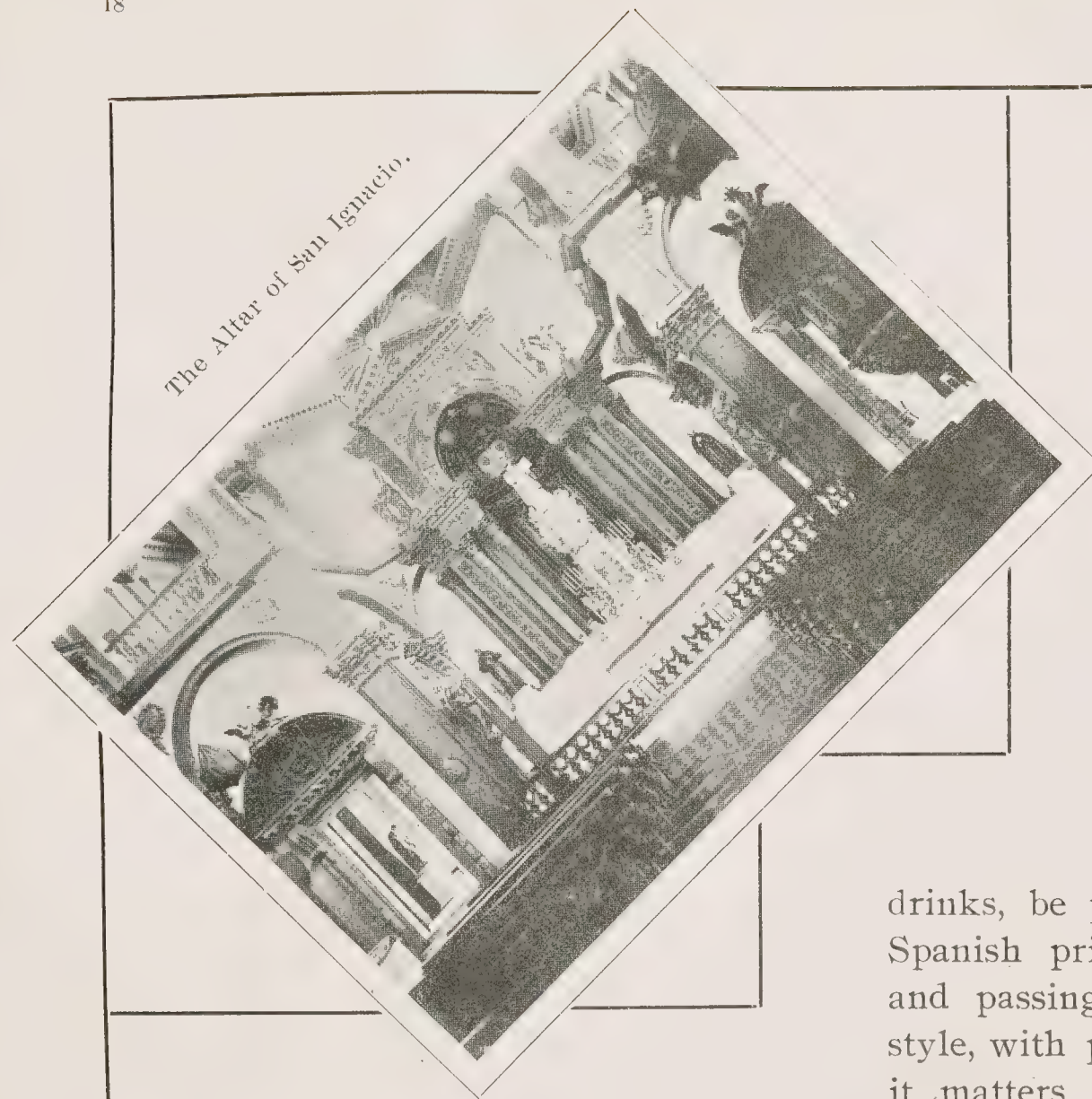
Since the momentous events so graphically chronicled in the preceding chapter, we, the doctor and I, have been over Manila from Malate to Tondo. We have

SOME purchased hats and mats and piña cloth, and **FEATURES.** shell buttons, and carabao horns; we have bought nipa houses and bancos in miniature, and no end of headaches and sour stomachs in full life size.

We have visited church and theater, market place and palace, court-house and jail and hospital; but to describe Manila, where should one begin?

In the first place Manila is a city of bare legs and crooked streets; grand old churches, sumptuous palaces and thatched huts; scabs and sores, high rents and brainless customs and traditions; dogs and dhobe itch and low salaries; doctors and lawyers and beggars; wealth and poverty; health and filth; high ideals and poor hotels; and morals all out of repair. Like all oriental cities it is beautiful and ugly, ancient and modern,

The Altar of San Ignacio.



grand, mean, and miserable at the same time.

MANILA IS COSMOPOLITAN. Manila is cosmopolitan. America, Europe, Asia, and Africa rub elbows on her narrow streets every day.

TAN. If you care to live in the West, in the twentieth century, go down the Escolta—the Broadway of Manila. Here the shops, the noise, and bustle, are purely occidental.

IN THE WEST. If you are a Spaniard, you can get a dinner flavored with garlic in a dozen different restaurants that will transport you to Madrid, Mexico, South America, or any other place you may have known and loved in the past.

Here in Manila you may drink your Spanish drinks, be prescribed for by Spanish physicians, confess to Spanish priests, buy your coffin of Spanish undertakers, and passing on down the line, be buried in true Spanish style, with pomp and tinsel, in a Spanish cemetery. And it matters not to what nation or people you belong; in



The Escolta—The Broadway of Manila.

this city you may be accommodated with almost everything that makes the songs and traditions of your own country the dearest to you on earth. Did I say everything? Fresh cow's milk, and eggs that, like Cæsar's wife, are beyond suspicion, you cannot get in Manila. Hot cakes and syrup, however, are just as much a part of this city to-day as garlic, cocoanut oil, and red wine.

The East Indian is at home here; so is the Chinaman, the Frenchman, the German, the Britisher; and so is the man from frozen, mineral ribbed Montana, or sun blistered Florida. And by standing on one of the bridges that span the Pasig, you may see and study every phase of life known to humanity. Here we see the bustling Yankee, his teeth propped open with a green cigar; the belted, spurred and, at times, scarred veteran of the late war; the Chinese merchant prince; the Spanish grandee; the business and professional man; the civil service clerk; the dude, empty of head and purse; the peddler; the flower girl; the tramp; and on down to the diseased beggar in his filthy rags. All day long two streams of humanity pour over these connecting links between the old and new cities.

Taken all in all Manila is a quaint, interesting city, and to fully appreciate its unwritable peculiarities, it is necessary to take a tumble through it at night. We have had many of them.

Only a few evenings ago, we turned from contemplating a full moon as it rose in all its glory between the towers of the old Binondo church, and elbowed our way down a narrow side street no broader than some folks' religious views. One could hop across that street without half an effort, and it boasted as great a variety of smells as old Jerusalem. It is principally a Chinese street. Hop Lip, Shin Fat, O. Fun, Sing Long, and other

gentlemen of the same guild have their stalls on it, where they sell anything from a stuffed rat to an elastic conscience. At places the eaves of the musty and moss grown houses

all but meet
ORIENT. and form a harbor for smoke and disease, and at other places one can just catch glimpses of a moon-lit heaven, with here and there a blinking star. Here



No broader than some folks' religious views.

indeed is the most oriental corner of the Orient, with its filth and physical deformities, its gaudy silk and jewelry only partially revealed by little oil bowls containing floating wicks.

The bulk of this street's business is centered in its little dingy chow houses, where most everything vile and uneatable is displayed in open windows. Half

dressed Chinos blinked and grinned and smoked in dark corners; women with brown, bare legs and silken hair, black as night, shuffled over the uneven pavement; naked children rolled and fought and bawled and laughed in the filth under foot with flea-bitten curs, dogs that snarl and snap and scratch till they are one mass of sores.

THE
DARKEST
CORNER. We went into an opium den, a little 16 by 20 hole in the wall, so full of the fumes of the drug that we had to tunnel our way. Eight Chinamen and two Filipinos reclined on long couch arrangements and puffed their way into another world at five cents a smoke. Some of them were already off, and as they lay there rolled in a knot, barely half clad, with their clumsy dope pipes clutched in their bony fingers, their mouths open and their eyes rolled back till nothing but the yellows were visible; and in that foul, smoke-filled room, lighted only by the lamps used in preparing the poison, they composed a picture so frightfully hideous as not soon to be forgotten. If their smoke-induced sleep were a sweet bliss not to be had in any other way, the expressions on their dark and saffron faces were no indication of the fact. An artist wishing to paint the interior of Hell's darkest corner could not find a more suggestive model than that opium den.

In a corner behind a lath work sat the proprietor of this place, a crafty devil weighing out the drug to his victims. His teeth were yellow, his nails were long and pointed like the talons of a vulture, and his bronze body was nude from the waist up. The wood-work was black with smoke and the rock floor was dank and foul.

"Senior opium smokee?" enquired a kindly disposed heathen, proffering his long used pipe and,

in accordance with an inborn instinct of taking anything and everything that is offered and much that is not, the doctor came precious near accepting with thanks. I nudged him in time, however, and he declined with all the grace of a Chesterfield.

Would you like to live before the earth was round, in the age of the thumb screw and rack, "When Knighthood was in flower," and at a time when maidens wonderously silly and surpassingly fair pined in their castle prisons for brainless knights to come and rescue them from their irascible guardians or the family skeleton? Would you like to live at a time when pirates roamed the seas, when witches and fairies, and giants, and gnomes and other impossible monstrosities came and went without let or hindrance? Then come, cross the river and sit in the shade of yonder wall.

This deep, wide, romantic moat was an efficient
 WHEN protection at one time against the savages
 KNIGHTS of the interior; to-day, it is the breeding
 WERE place and harbor for more microbes than
 BOLD. would stock a nation. This old draw-
 bridge, those heavy, iron bound and bolted doors,



The Isabel Gate.



"When Knights Were Bold."



A bit of old Manila.

these moss grown walls have withstood the wear and tear, the earthquakes and typhoons of centuries; and if these stones were given tongues, what interesting tales they could tell. Tales of siege and of gore, of defeat and victory, of love and treason; and of long seasons of peace and prosperity.

But come! let us pass through and visit dungeons into which the sun's rays never enter. Yon frowning pile is a convent, and here, overlooking the Malecon and bay, is a picturesque monastery, quite the oldest building in the city. Look at its heavy buttresses, its frowning eaves and peculiar angles and curves, its little windows, iron barred, all so suggestive of dark, foul cells and vermin infested corners that one can almost hear the shrieks and groans and curses which he feels were wrung from the heathen in this building in the long ago. It is a gloomy pile, a relic of the dark ages, a mile stone standing way back in history and marking the time when kings were divinely commissioned, when to think a new thought, or to express a new idea regarding church or state meant the whipping post or the faggot.

ON
MANILA'S
WALL.

But bring your kodaks and we will explore this old wall. Over here on the river side we can get a most magnificent view of the Pasig and its wilderness of shipping which will tell of Manila's greatness, and argue her claims to the commercial gateway of the Far East in a language far more eloquent than words.

This wall was built about 1590, under the Governor Gomez Perez Dasmarinas. It is over two miles long and is protected on three sides by the moat. Though useless against modern engines of destruction, in the sixteenth century it was all that it was intended for; and up to the time of the American advent it was cherished by the European colony as a pretty safe refuge in the event of a serious revolt by the natives or Chinese. The moat so full of disease and death, beautifully hidden under its jungle of tropic verdure, is paved at the bottom with cut stone as we see here in the wall, and is a beautiful piece of work for the age in which it was built.

A
SNAKE
STORY.

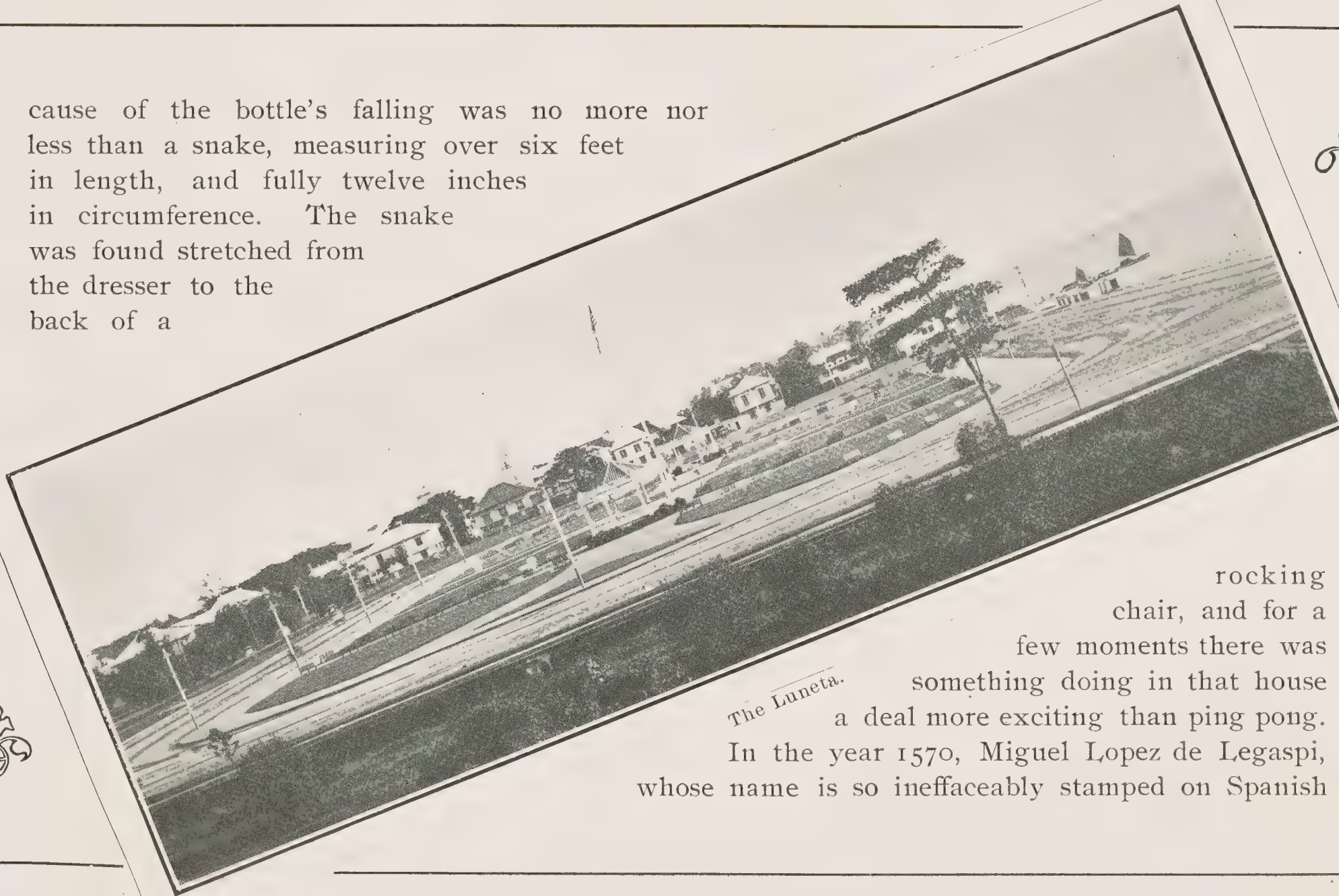
Snakes? yes there may be some in there; in fact a great many have come out of the moat, and it is hardly to be doubted that there are still a few remaining.

As we walk around the wall we will find, at the corner which overlooks the Legaspi monument and Luneta, an old house belonging to the government. At the present writing two charming American families, connected with the government service, are domiciled here, and it has been the writer's good fortune to spend numerous happy evenings in their large and spacious drawing rooms. One night, a few weeks ago, while playing ping pong in the dining room of this house, a crash was heard in one of the bed rooms, and, upon investigation, it was found to have been caused by the falling of a perfume bottle from the dresser to the floor. The



The Pasig and its wilderness of shipping.

cause of the bottle's falling was no more nor less than a snake, measuring over six feet in length, and fully twelve inches in circumference. The snake was found stretched from the dresser to the back of a



The Luneta.

rocking chair, and for a few moments there was something doing in that house a deal more exciting than ping pong. In the year 1570, Miguel Lopez de Legaspi, whose name is so ineffaceably stamped on Spanish

colonial history, and whose monument stands down on the Luneta, declared Manila the capital city of the Philippines. Work on Fort Santiago had already been commenced when he landed, and his first order was to the natives to hurry up the walls, so that he could mount his Majesty's cannon thereon for the defense of the port and town. He also commanded them to build a large house for himself within the battlement walls, and another house and a church for the priests and about one hundred and fifty smaller houses for the remainder of the Spaniards. All of this the natives promised to do and as promptly forgot their promise. It is interesting, though, when we consider the "mañana" habits of the average Filipino, not at all surprising to learn that the labor employed in the building of Fort Santiago as well as the moat and wall was Chinese.

TO
CLEAN
THE MOAT.

Long before that May morning when Dewey electrified the world, the Spaniards discussed means of doing away with the moat. At one time there was talk of cleaning it out, and one commission recommended that this be done; but the thought of serious consequences that seemed sure to follow the stirring up of the vegetable putrid matter of long ages, kept them from the undertaking. Since American occupation the question has forced itself to the front a number of times, and under the Otis régime it was seriously recommended that the moat be flushed, by cutting a channel from the river above the Bridge of Spain, and thereby turning in a part of the Pasig, letting it circulate around the wall and again join the river at Fort Santiago. The commission that favored this plan pointed out that in this manner the filth of centuries could be washed away, and that the old moat filled with fresh, constantly flowing water, and bearing upon its crest gondolas and domesticated water birds, would become a thing of beauty, and would at the same time be entirely sanitary.

Now look off there towards the Luneta, see the golden crown the setting sun has placed upon that stone sentry box, and let your eye penetrate that dense, wild growth that fills the moat and climbs the wall itself. See the plumes of that pampas grass nodding in the sweet breeze that comes from the bay. On one side of the wall is the surge and turmoil of a restless, money chasing, city population, on the other, a vast, grass grown common in which the slow plodding carabao has his wallow. Yonder the band-stands and fashionable promenade of a great metropolis, and here at our feet, a quiet, silvan dell where untamed birds, intoxicated with life's joys, sing their love-crazed songs.

Look at that buffalo in his mud puddle, and forget yourselves. Forget the impulses that drive and urge you on your mad cap race for popular favor; forget the apparent necessity for the constant grinding and corroding toil. See how he rolls and splashes in the warm, rich mud; is he not the most satisfied creature you ever saw? And can you not feel with the poet when he sang:

INSPIRATIONS.

I wish I was a carabao
 A wallern in the mud;
 Doin nothin all day long
 Only chewing cud.
 I'd rest a hull eternity
 In mud hole, pool an shade;
 I'd do nothin else but maryle
 On the blunders man has made.

I would'nt write, I would'nt read, I would'nt think;
 I'd jus lay an roll an swish an swash,
 I would'nt dress, I would'nt shave, I'd hardly breathe;
 By gosh! I'm darned fi would wash.

WHERE
THE
SUN SETS.

In the bay as far west as a cannon can shoot, is where the sun sets. The exact spot can be seen from the Luneta, the place where the hard working and hard drinking people of this city go of evenings to have their brains swept clear of cobwebs by the intoxicating breezes that come from over the ocean.

The Malecon drive is an extension of the Luneta; it skirts along the bay to the river, and is a most beautiful place, and especially so as the hot days die out, sitting down on an old bench, looked off to where the western sky stooped to kiss the placid ocean. The sun was a hand high and from shore to horizon there blazed a purple path of glory, in



Homeward they slowly wend their way.

and nature tries her hand at sky painting. Here one meets the upper crust of Manila society in sumptuous turnouts, with liveried servants; and here also do we find the middle and under layers, for it is the one delightful drive and walk of the place.

A few evenings since, I strolled out to the Luneta, and



Where the sun sets.

the wake of which, dozed more than a score of gleaming ships of war and commerce. The day was dying out and nature seemed to have concentrated all her powers for exquisite coloring, in painting a last token of respect, until the beauty of sky and earth was simply ravishing. As the sun



The king of his tribe.

molten grandeur of ten thousands volcanoes, the pearls and agates and sapphires and carbuncles of a dozen worlds, the terrors of hell and the sublimities of heaven magnified, intensified, and multiplied a thousand times, were combined and blended in that sunset.

Dante's Inferno, Saint John's vision of the New Jerusalem, Mahomet's dreams of Paradise and the seven heavens would not stand a comparison, and all the former glory of dead Egypt, and Babylon, and Greece, and Rome, all the wonders of India and China, Damascus, Cairo and

sank lower and lower, the light, fleecy clouds shifted and took on new forms, and the coloring became heightened and more wildly grand.

But the scene cannot be described. The lights of the far north, the blood of battle fields, the snows and the cedars of hoary Lebanon, the fires and smoke and

Constantinople in their palmiest days were reflected with most lavish exaggeration in the sinking to rest of that day's sun.

And when the great ball of fire dipped into the ocean, the water rippled by a passing breeze took on a crest of diamonds. The clouds turned into fortresses and castles and churches and domes and minarets, and then shifting again they became armies, such as followed Alexander, engaged in strife, and became enveloped in the dust and smoke and blood and carnage of crumbling empires.

CHAPTER III.

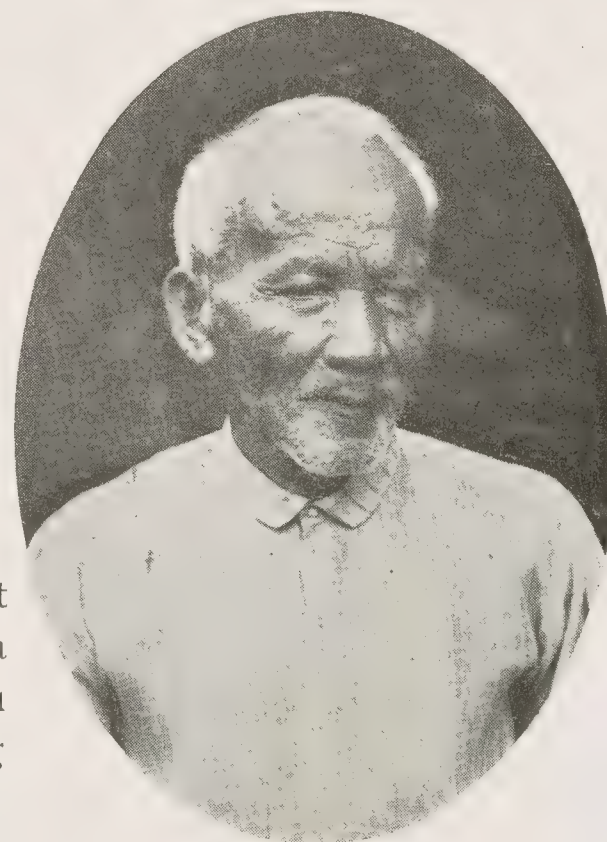


bamboo floor, is not counted as one of the family.

Mamerto is a fisherman, and besides his nipa shack which cost him thirty-seven pesos, he owns a one-fourth interest in a banca with outriggers, and a fishing net. Some Sunday morning if you go down to Tondo, you will find Mamerto Santiago either mending his net or fondling the younger member of his family, his rooster. You will also see his daughter with her raven hair hanging loosely

OWN in Tondo, along the beach where the waves have
MAMERTO tried in vain for
SANTIAGO. thousands of
years to keep the shore
clean, lives Mamerto San-
tiago.

Mamerto has a family.
It consists of his wife, one
daughter, and a rooster;
his pig, whose waller
is immediately under his



Mamerto Santiago.

down her back, her shapely shoulders and neck bare, for her only garment is fastened just below the arms: her ample bosom keeps it from falling off. You will say: "Mamerto Santiago's daughter would be beautiful were it not for her face." Her nose is too flat and her cheek bones too high. Her eyes are beautiful; they are large and liquid, with just a touch of something about them that suggests what? Ah yes! a tinge of Chinese blood. Her mother's father was a Chinaman.

ISABEL. Mamerto's daughter's name is Isabel. Pretty name is it not? In fact from a Filipino standpoint, Isabel is a pretty girl. Her mouth and teeth are perfect, and her hair, though sticky with rancid cocoanut oil, is as black as medieval history and hangs in a great bush far below her waist. In a picture Isabel would be a dream.

HER MOTHER. Isabel's mother is a hag. She is a good woman in all things but looks, and there she is positively sinful. If it were true that beauty is only skin deep, I would advise Mamerto to skin his wife.

Isabel's mother is only sixteen years older than Isabel, but to see them together is a picture that suggests at once winter and

He owns a one-fourth interest in a banca with outriggers.



spring, or budding life and lingering death. To see them sitting at the door of their casa, while

the golden sun is falling behind Corregidor, Isabel slightly raised above her mother, picking vermin from her thin gray hair, is a picture that suggests something else. Isabel's mother chews beetle nut with her hard shrunken gums; her teeth, with the exception of a few rotting snags, are all gone, and spits the blood red saliva through the open window, or through the cracks in the bamboo floor. Her mouth is not sweet. Her hands are withered and knotted; her nails are long and twisted; the skin over her neck and face is tanned and corrugated.



Isabel.

nut shells. This house of Mamerto's contains also a framed print of the Virgin, before which

Mamerto is older than his wife; she looks like his mother, for the years have been less kind to her than they have to him and this, notwithstanding he has been as tender and considerate as Filipino husbands always are.

If you look in Ma-
MAMERTO'S merto's casa you will
HOUSE. find it consists of but one room, and that this room contains something, perhaps bedcloths, rolled in a mat; a chest half the size of an ordinary trunk; two earthen vessels, one of them black with smoke, they cook their rice and fish in it; and several kitchen utensils made from cocoa-

a floating wick in an oil bowl burns incessantly. Mamerto and his household are Christians.

Now then if you take Mamerto Santiago's household, his net and his boat, his pig and his rooster, his wife and his daughter, and multiply them by about three hundred, add fifteen hundred



A Filipino's "Home, sweet home."

seventy-five bright eyed children, and eleven hundred mangy dogs of assorted colors, sizes, and ages; and if you jumble the shaggy houses all together, carry them up in the air, whirl them around and drop them so that they will fall right side up, but in such loose and familiar relation-



A nipa district.

ship that the passage ways between them are seldom more than a yard wide, and so tortuous

that to follow them is almost enough to

A NIPA break a snake's back; place a little DISTRICT. chapel here and a market there and a jewelry shop yonder; put a public hydrant down there and around it group some Chinese, bare legged and nude from the waist up, and some scantily clad Filipinos, male and female, you will have one of the nipa districts of this great city.

Mamerto Santiago is a fair representative of his people. He stands about five feet in his plush slippers, his bones are small and his brown skin covers them tightly. His nose is heavy and flat. Talk to him; tell him that his luck is about

to change, that fortune will smile on him from this time on, that he will have plenty of money

and nothing to do but attend church and the cock pit; or tell him that a dark sha-

A FAIR TYPE. dow is hanging over his head, and that before another moon he will be cruelly hacked to death with a bolo, and he will not betray by one muscle of his bronze face that he is otherwise than indifferent. His face is a mask that hides completely that which



Our little brown brothers.

his heart feels; and you may study him a year and you will conclude at the end of that time that you do not know him as well as you thought you did at first.

You will find that he is hospitable, that he is generous and kind to his neighbors and his family, that beyond his fighting cock he has few, if any, ambitions, and that he religiously adheres to the rule of doing nothing to-day that can on any pretext be put off till to-morrow. It has been said that the Filipino is afraid of work. This is not true. On the contrary he is on the very best of terms with all kinds of toil. The average Filipino and toil could dwell side by side as long as life lasts and neither would disturb the other. He is industrious when he sees the necessity of being, but as nature has bountifully supplied all his wants, it is hard to make him see the necessity of anything.

**SUNDAY
PASTIMES.**

But if you want to see Mamerto when the feelings of his heart break through his mask and reveal love and hatred, fear and jealousy, and in fact, all the passions of mortality, see him at the cock pit.

This is Sunday; a day in Manila of confessions, prayers, and cock fights; of sacraments and excursions; of visiting, dancing, and horse racing. In fact, Sunday, if we do not count the saints' days, is the only day in the week in which it is lawful to fight cocks, and so to-day we may go over to Cavite and mingle with the garlic mob at the cock pit, and see our friend engaged in the only sport he loves.



The Manila Cathedral.



We bought flowers on the Cathedral's granite steps.

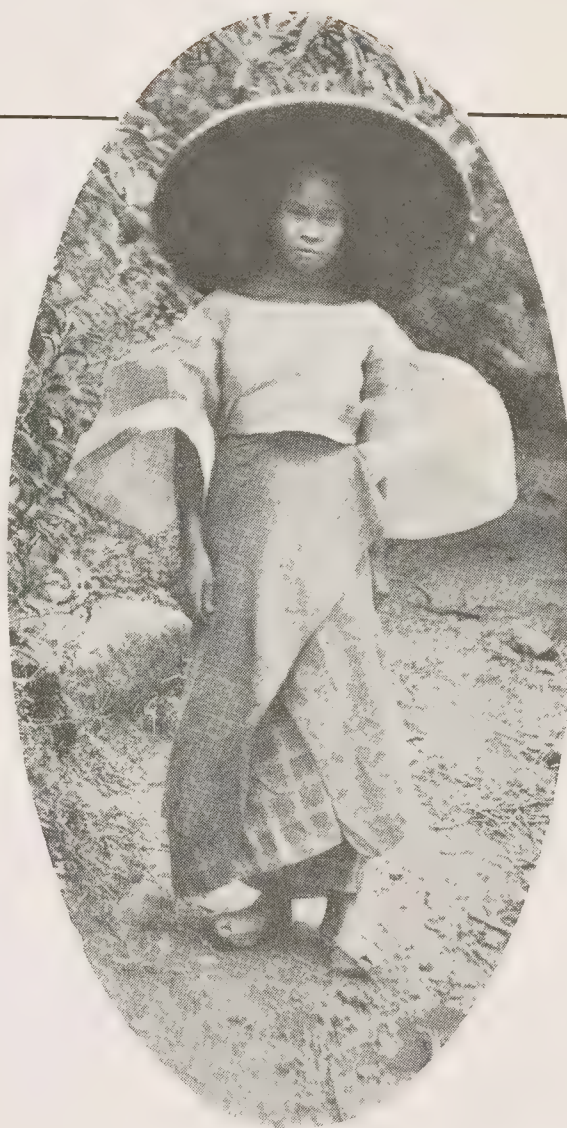
WE
WENT.

The Doctor and I went two Sundays ago. We first went to early mass, bought flowers of scabby venders on the Cathedral's granite steps, and gave coppers to the Pope's beggars. For ten cents (Mex.) I purchased the privilege of kissing a print of the Virgin, pasted on a box with a handle like a frying pan, and then let a poor fellow with a club foot who could ill afford such blessedness do the kissing. We bought candles and offered them on the shrines of gilded saints, and then we went forth from that grand place with its inspiring music, its dark, beautiful arches, its stained glass, its gold and silver

and precious stones, new men. Refreshed in body and spirit we sought the public ferry, and were soon under way.

A shaggy nipa roof that shades four tiers of bamboo seats that rise in terraces from a square amphitheater, perhaps twenty feet each way, is where the mob assembled. There seemed to be hundreds of roosters there, all crowing and trying to get at each other. In the crowd of interested spectators, were old grandfathers, men whose leathery faces positively gleamed with the prospect before them; and there were women and children there, who had come to see the family pet that had shared their food and liv-

ing apartments for a year or more, do battle with the pet of some other household, until one or both were killed. There were young, strong, shock headed, cruel featured, bare footed country boys, just such as handled the guns and bolos in the insurgent entrenchments; there with their country bred fowls intent upon carrying home some of the winnings; effeminate, neatly attired merchants, idlers and clerks were there to win or lose as long as there were sound roosters to be pitted against each other; there were soldiers, sailors, and marines there, eager for the excitement and anxious to multiply their scant stores of pesos, and there was a well known lawyer



She was a village belle.

from Manila there who afterwards told me he had won a dollar. There were American and European civilians and professional men there, and Chinos, thick as flies around a syrup jug. Horse racing, or pugilistic tournaments in the States are not more popular than cock fighting is here.

**THE
FIRST
EVENT.**

After a great deal of excited talking, two hombres, each carrying an enraged cock, entered the arena and were instantly greeted with a shower of Mexican dollars, accompanied by frantic yells in English, Spanish, Tagalog, and Chinese. How on earth they ever kept track of those bets, is a mystery.

The men stroked their fighters a few times while the excitement increased, then placing them on the ground, held them apart by their tail feathers while they tried their best to get at each other. Then the betting grew wild and furious, and gray headed veterans in piña shirts, white trousers, and plush slippers, clapped their hands and gesticulated madly. Pandemonium reigned. Then one rooster's head was held while the other rooster made a savage grab at it, pulling out some of its neck feathers, and then the other rooster was held while the first one got some feathers, and then the whole crowd seemed to know that these cocks were enemies, and that they would fight to the bitter end.

At length the bets were all in, and a great silence came over the crowd; a silence so hushed that the deep rich tones of their garlic breaths became more than ever oppressive. In the meantime the seconds were taking off the leather shields that covered the spurs with one of which each fighter was armed. These spurs are little sharp blades of steel, in shape like a Moorish sword, and about two inches long; they are as sharp as razors and are fastened on with thongs.

THE
FIGHT. The fight is on. With neck feathers standing straight out, the thoroughly enraged roosters face each other a few seconds. They spring, one ducks and the other one goes clean over it, and quick as a flash of sunlight on their bright spurs, they turn and face each other again. They stand with their beaks together and raise and lower their heads each seeking an advantage; now they spring again, throw out their feet and come together in one death dealing embrace. One of them, a fine specimen that has for more than a

year received all the tender care a fond father can bestow on his child, is ripped open, is dead, while the other, slashed and bleeding has strength left for a feeble crow. The bets are paid, and almost before the crowd has time to get its breath, two fresh roosters are introduced and the first event is repeated.

Cock fighting is a cruel and brutalizing way of gambling that natives cannot easily resist. Nearly every event is certain death

A to one or both of the dumb, un-
BRUTALIZ- reasoning contestants, and financial
ING loss to those unfortunate enough

SPORT. to back the losing fowl. A common, every Sunday spectacle is that of heavy hearted natives, who have lost their savings at the cock pit, returning to their homes with their pets, killed in gory battle, under their arms. There is not one feature about a cock fight that is civilizing or humanizing in the



The lake was fringed with cocoanut palms.



The Insular Ice Plant.

faintest degree; and in consequence the future welfare of the race demands that it be stamped out. How this is to be done is a question for some future congress to decide.

For over a hundred years the Spanish government has encouraged this barbarity by dignifying it with a long code of regulations and, by taxing it, making it contribute to the revenue of the islands. Nearly every Filipino household possesses its fighting cock that is reared with all the tenderness possible, and with free access to the living rooms of the family.

AN UNFAIR COMPARISON. Cock fighting in Manila has been compared with prize fighting in the States, but the comparison is unfair. Roosters have hardly as much intelligence as pugilists have and, naturally, they are less brutally inclined. If a rooster had the power to stop and think that the pugilist has, he would run before he would fight.

When men enter the ring they have sufficient sense to know that they do so on account of their lack of sense, and still their sense is insufficient to cause them to desist from such an utterly senseless way of telling the world: "Here is a pair of prime fools."

It is different with roosters; they really do not know better.



Toilers of the Field.

When a rooster is brought into the ring he feels good. Like the pugilist, he feels like a fighting cock, and in this respect, the man and the rooster are equals. They are on an intellectual par; but when we follow the comparison farther the man falls and the rooster does not seem to rise much.

ON AN INTELLEC. The man permits himself to be battered to jelly that the world may know what a consummate two-legged ass TUAL he is; the rooster fights because he imagines, in the ex-PAR. citement of the moment, that the other rooster has an unquenchable thirst for his blood, and because he has not been sufficiently Christianized to turn the other cheek. Having been raised a pet, he becomes a victim of misplaced confidence when placed in the ring, and as a general thing, he is discussed the following day with rice and garlic by the sorrowing family.

In Cavite, when we left the gallera, we visited the old church and before the altar we found a man, frosty haired and poorly clad, at his devotions. In his arms was a wounded rooster, A one that had triumphed in the ring an hour before. SERIOUS QUESTION. And as we watched this old man in his rags, with bare feet, soiled and worn, I could not help but remark



On the banks of the Pasig.

that the question of cock fighting is one of the most serious our Insular Government will have to deal with.

Here was an old grandfather returning to his nipa shack after gambling on the life of the dearest pet, and on a Sunday, having a few words of prayer in the big, solemn church. To tell such as he that cock fighting is an immoral and unlawful practice that would have to cease, would be useless; his life's education has taught him otherwise. His father before him and his father's father had their fighting cocks, and won and lost their money at the galleras with the regularity of the sabbath's dawn.

A
SUGGES-
TION. It is as natural here in small communities for neighbors to gather at the cock pit after mass, there to bet and gossip and discuss the news of the past week, and even speculate on the future, as it is for people at home to attend church. And so, while cock fighting is low and brutal and should be suppressed, it is well to make speed in this matter by going slow. And here is a suggestion: If Congress wants to win this whole people over and make them satisfied with Old Glory and our robber tariffs on imports, and stifle forever the cry of Philippine independence, let it decree that henceforth and forever cock fighting in these islands shall be a free and honorable sport, and that in the future there shall be two Sundays in each week, and a hundred new saints' days shall be added to the calendar.

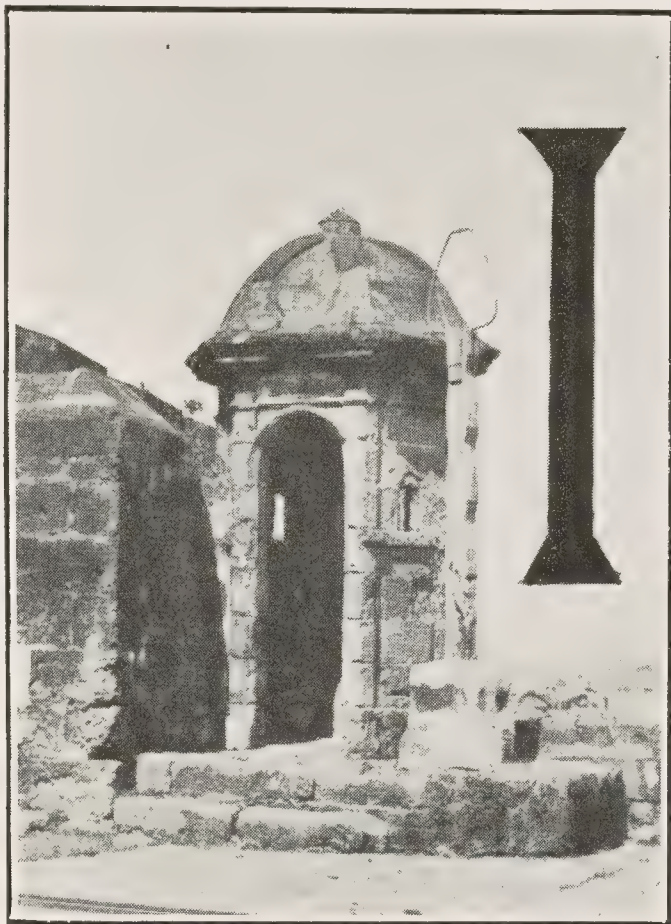


Mangos.





CHAPTER IV.



HAVE just waged a successful war on a colony of Philippine ants. It was a war of extermination, and after a heavy engagement of one hour, I put aside the broom and water-pail a complete victor.

AT WAR WITH NATURE. On our back porch we have some potted plants and have noticed of late that the largest and most valuable specimen was surely dying in spite of all we could do for it. This morning I determined on heroic measures. I turned the plant over on its side, and in doing so, broke the earthen vessel that contained it. when instantly a thousand million ants rushed out to do battle. Battalions, regiments, brigades, divisions, whole armies issued out of that broken pot and charged with fanatic zeal in all directions. I planted one foot, encased in a number nine shoe, on their fortress, and it fell asunder exposing their great stores of eggs. Thousands of the little red

warriors seized upon their commissaries and began a hasty retreat to some place of safety, while other thousands pressed forward to the defense of their crumbling empire.

As I stood surveying the ruin, a company of skirmishers, indeed there seemed to be forty companies of them, scaled the heights of my shoes, entered the forest of hair on my pedal extremities and under cover of my duck trousers, began to invade sacred domain. Donner and Blitzen! what a wild and interesting charge they made! I found it expedient to withdraw for a few moments and change clothes, but I soon returned to the fight, and being armed with gloves, water-pail and broom, it was not long before I had the rebels "going south." They went down to death in myriads; with each broadside of water thousands were swept away. The white bannisters became red with the excited fighters of Potdom, but as I charged repeatedly the nervy little fiends went down in despair.

It was an exciting fight from start to finish, and though I kept the field about me as clear as possible, the enemy succeeded a number of times in outflanking me, and in savagely attacking my rear position. This, however, only served to more thoroughly arouse my Irish and, in consequence, the battle waxed warmer. Presently General Greatant succeeded in forcing his way through, or over the debris on the opposite side of the shattered walls of Potdom, and I discovered him leading a vast army by a circuitous route with the evident intention of shutting off our water supply. But alas for the gallant leader and his brave followers, one well-aimed bucket-full carried them all away.



One of the City's Double Gates.

SOME Without doubt ants are Manila's greatest pest. They invade every nook and corner
 MANILA in the house that is not constantly watched. Trunks, wardrobes, drawers, cupboards,
 PESTS. refrigerators, are all in danger of invasion by these pesky little insects, and it is a very
 common thing upon entering a house, to find the dining table with its feet in little vessels of
 water to keep the ants off.

Their onslaughts are so sudden and fierce that unless such means of protection are taken, life
 becomes burdensome.

After ants comes the Custom House and then cockroaches.

Cockroaches have no more conscience than ants, but they are not nearly so brave. You can't
 scare an ant. He won't be bluffed. In fact, if you are as big as a horse and happen to get in the
 way of an ant you have got to fight. Ants know no fear. No matter if it is a dead spider, a
 side of beef, or a man that gets in their way, they immediately proceed to lug him or it, as the
 case might be, off to their home, and they are so all-fired full of zeal and love of work, that they
 will lug their burdens, no matter what they are, the long way around to get them home. I have
 known ants to wade clear through a jug of syrup to get a dead fly on the other side, and they
 are not very partial to flies either.

BABY But to the new-comer of the feminine gender, the most startling thing in Manila is
 ALLIGATORS. the little house lizard that lives on our walls, and waddles across the ceiling in search
 of prey, looking for all the world like baby alligators. One lost his hold the other night

and dropped down my back while I was writing. They are harmless little creatures, and rather a blessing than otherwise as they wage an uncompromising war on mosquitoes and flies.

A few weeks ago, my mu-
A NEW chacho, while cleaning out a
INCUBATOR. book case, found two of the
 smallest eggs I ever saw.

They were pure white and so very small and round that I thought my boy had found an adult dose of compound cathartics which, for some reason or other, he wanted to palm off as eggs. I placed the little spheres in an empty perfume bottle and thought no more of it till a week later when a friend called to borrow five dollars. He said he had a headache and was all run down and I noticed from his breath that his tongue was plated, and thought the time to experiment had arrived. I knew he would not refuse to take the pills for fear I would refuse to lend him the money, and I felt that if he did take them, he would never ask for another loan, and that, in consequence, I would be out simply one dose of medicine that cost me nothing, and one friend that had cost me a good deal.



Looking for all the world like baby alligators.

Yes, he said he would be willing to try the medicine, and when I went to fetch it, lo and behold! my perfume bottle had become an incubator. The pills had hatched out, and in the ruin of shells were the dearest little lizards, corked up tighter than Cervera was at Santiago. They were lively little fellows with eyes as black and bright as the smile of an Ethiopian queen, and they seemed not in the least put out by their lack of fresh air and food. I placed some mosquitoes in the bottle but they didn't seem to care for them. I then put two little red ants in, and now listen to this tale of avaricious greed.

A TALE
OF
GREED.

The ants no sooner hit the bottom of that bottle than they pounced upon the injured mosquitoes and proceeded to lug them up the smooth sides of their glass prison. It didn't occur to them that they themselves were prisoners and in great peril; no, Chinaman like, they had fallen upon something they thought could be utilized some time in the future and they set laboriously to work to get their finds home. When part way up the bottle they slipped and fell. They tried it again, and then again and again for some six or eight times, and after making as many failures, they wisely decided to double up and take one mosquito between them. Again they tugged and boosted and twisted about patiently for several weary minutes and finally reaching the top they found it corked. Their burden dropped to the bottom, the air in that bottle became blue and sulphurous, and to say those ants were mad would be putting it very mildly indeed. They were insane, they were blinded with their long garnered rage, and with demon ferocity, they dropped on one of the baby lizards.

Around and around the bottle it scooted with its little black eyes nearly popping out with fear

and pain while the red devils held gleefully on to either side of its tender neck. I saw that a tragedy was being enacted and so hastened to the rescue. After some trouble I got the ants out of the bottle and killed them, and for a week our baby alligators, as we called them, lived unmolested in their glass home without food or air. Then we turned them loose. They have taken up their abode on the wall behind a Japanese tapestry, and of evenings they ascend to the great ocean of ceiling and silently prowl about in search of food.

But about ants; I hate the whole accursed race of them. Not long since, my doctor



Two ways of looking at it.

prescribed a piece of bacon for a troublesome sty. He said, "Just tie a piece of fat bacon over your eye to-night and by morning you will find it very much better." I did so and about midnight

MORE I was awakened by a sensation that I imagined could only be produced by a bath in

ABOUT nitric acid. I got up and turned on the light, and his satanic majesty is a saint if I

ANTS. was not literally covered with red ants all fighting for a position near that bacon. Across the polished floor was a line of them pushing over each other in their hurry to get to the bed, and I don't care to live any longer if that line didn't extend up the wall to the window and down the outside. I never told a lie in my life and don't believe I will be stretching the truth very much when I say every province and township in Luzon was represented in that aggregation of ants.



A Pleasant Drive.



Manila Canal Life.



CHAPTER V.



MANILA has no sky scraping buildings, but she can boast one tenement that contains over 1,700 apartments, which are most always occupied. The structure is circular in form, three stories high, enclosing a large, well shaded court yard which is said by some to be the most beautiful spot in the city.

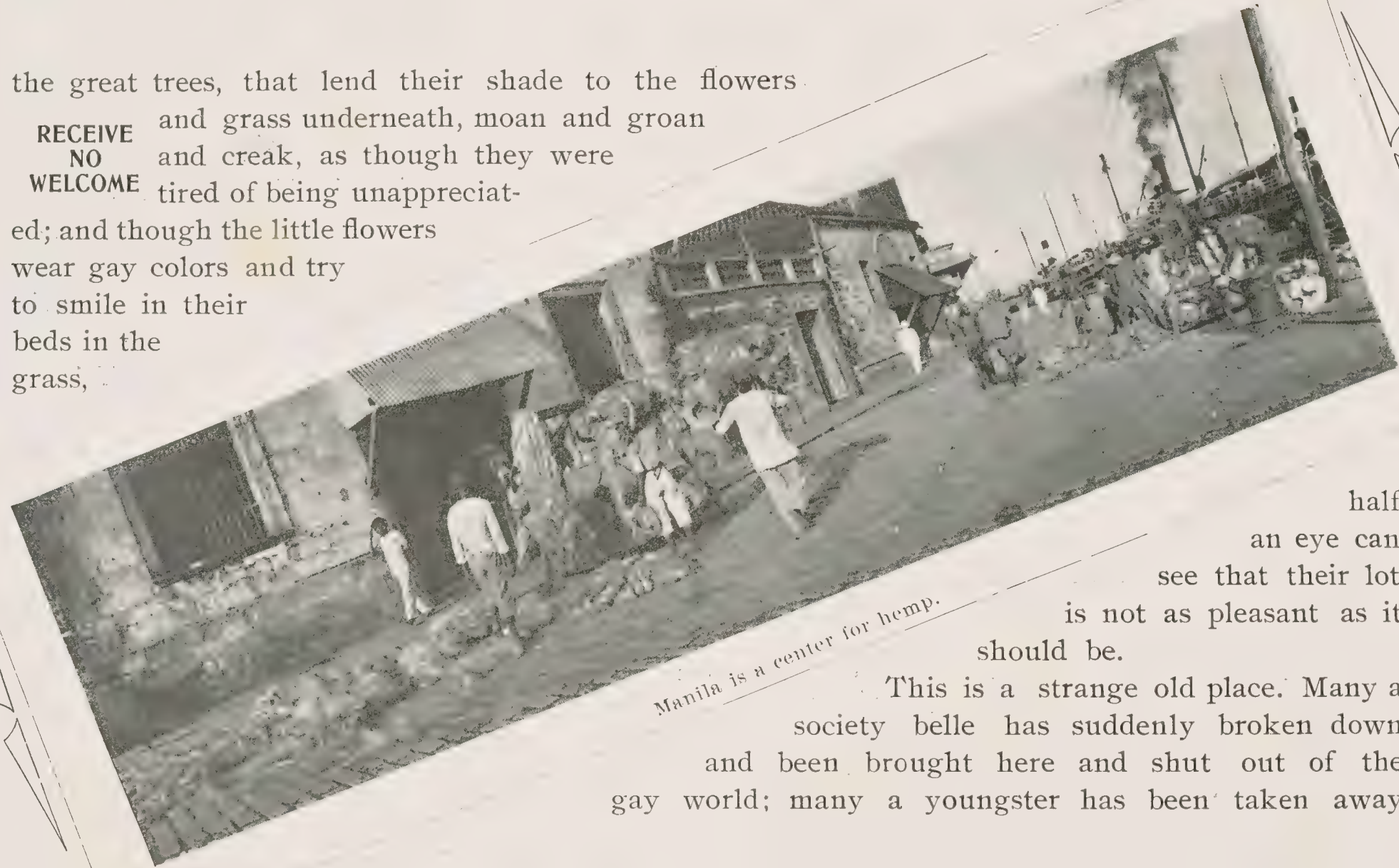
Notwithstanding this beautiful court yard, the rooms of the tenement are all small and dark and stuffy, and their occupants who are invariably dependent on friends and relatives, are as retired and unsociable as it is possible to be. They never open their doors to admit visitors; the chatter and play of children is never heard in this vast place; weddings and feasts have no room here. When one moves into this place he never again courts the light of day, but so long as his friends pay the rent he keeps within his little room apparently content to let the world wag on in utter ignorance of his existence.

Both sympathetic and curious people come here to visit but they receive no welcome. Even

the great trees, that lend their shade to the flowers.

RECEIVE and grass underneath, moan and groan
 NO and creak, as though they were
 WELCOME tired of being unappreciat-

ed; and though the little flowers
 wear gay colors and try
 to smile in their
 beds in the
 grass,



Manila is a center for hemp.

half
 an eye can
 see that their lot
 is not as pleasant as it
 should be.

This is a strange old place. Many a
 society belle has suddenly broken down
 and been brought here and shut out of the
 gay world; many a youngster has been taken away



5 19075

Each room is rented for five years.

from his toys and play
 fellows and
 A STRANGE brought here
 PLACE to grow old
 and be forgotten, and
 many an old man, who
 has spent a life time in
 vain attempts to wield
 fame and fortune, is shut
 up here in oblivion.

It is a melancholy
 place. Men, women,
 and children are never
 known to smile or sing
 or laugh after taking
 up their abode here, and
 I am sure they never
 cry or complain. So
 long as their rent is paid
 they remain unmolested



"Donde?"

years and years and
 years! But when their
 friends forget them, or
 move to other lands
 without first arranging
 with the landlord regard-
 ing the rent, their doors
 are forcibly opened and
 they are ejected. No
 one ever comes here of
 his own will; no one is
 ever forced to come
 here until his health is
 hopelessly broken up,
 and then it does not
 matter whether he is rich
 or poor; educated and
 refined or ignorant and
 boorish; young, innocent,
 and tender, or old, coarse,

and tough; he or she, as the case may be, is brought here where all are neighbors, and where all receive the same treatment as long as the rent is paid.

No inmate, no matter how rich he may be, can occupy more than one room. The society is not select; each room is rented for five years for thirty-five dollars mexican money which must in every case be paid in advance. After the first five years the rent is five dollars a year, and though this is not a large sum it is more than the friends of many of them can pay, and so it is that after many years of peaceful possession some are ejected in the most cruel manner. There is a little chapel in the court yard of this tenement, and over it is a cross and the Spanish coat-of-arms. But the tenants never attend services. The chime of bells or peal of organ never seem to awaken a thrill within them, and though their abode lie in the wake of one of the battles of the late rebellion; though they are surrounded by contending foes; though their foundations were shaken time and again by the thunder of artillery and their walls were spattered by flying rifle balls; they were absolutely unconcerned and indifferent regarding the outcome. No national or religious airs stir their hearts. They are alike impervious to rain and shine, sorrow and mirth, smiles and tears. In a word, they are dead: their abode is the Paco Cemetery.



This is the way we wash our clothes.

THE "What becomes of the occupants after they have been turned out for not paying the
BONE rent?"

PILE "No mas monig, vamoose bone pile. You come sinor." And so I followed my guide, one of the old keepers of the place, around behind the little chapel, up a few weed grown steps, and along the top of a wall till we came to an unguarded, unsheltered pit, where the bones of generations lay exposed to the sun and weather. It was a grim picture. At my feet was what was left of people, whose loved ones either could not or had forgotten to pay the rent.

If speech were given those bleached bones what a lot of stories they could tell. Yonder skull, with the dead golden hair clinging to it, was that of a woman passing fair in her day; the life of many a grand ball given in honor of military and naval heroes. Those empty sockets were once filled with life that bubbled over and made men crazy. The lower jaw and teeth are gone; they would have been kissed away in life had she permitted it. That hair, faded and dead now, was once a greater charm than real gold; it wove nets around men's hearts and made them either fight or drink to madness. There is a skull over there that could tell an entirely different story. Perhaps of hardships and suffering, of poverty, toil, and disappointments.

I sat down there after the gardener had gone back to his work, lighted my briar, and looked off across a field in which a buffalo cow and calf were pastured. Yonder was an old convent, there a great tobacco factory, and on this side the Paco fire station; and here at my feet was death and corruption:



Monarchs of the Waste.

"Here are the prude severe, the gay coquette,
The sober widow and the young, green virgin
Cropped like a rose before 'tis fully blown or half its worth disclosed.
Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth of lightsome, vacant heart.
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not of mirth; the shrill tongued shrew,
Meek as the turtle dove forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane;
The downright clown, the perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel and the mean."

"Buenas tardes, señor."

A PIPE

DREAM

I was startled for the moment, though the voice was sweeter than a silvery chime. On looking up I beheld such a vision as kings have been said to give their kingdoms for. A woman in white draperies with nude arms, wonderfully round, and regal head crowned by a wealth of hair that might have been called golden, though in it the sun had hidden a bewildering number of shades. The faintest suspicion of a blush suffused her pure, almost transparent face and neck, while her flowing draperies only partially concealed a form not anything if not divine.

Wondering at her sudden appearance in this abode of death, her chaste and surpassing beauty, and above all, the costume she wore, I managed to stammer some kind of response in English. When she spoke again her clear soft voice set me thoroughly at ease though I found it almost impossible to show by my words and manner of speech that I was otherwise than hopelessly

idiotic. I cannot write as she spoke but this is the gist of what she said:

She was an American girl born thirty years ago in Albany, N. Y. She was the only daughter of a banker who still lives at Albany, and had, at the age of twenty, married a Spaniard. She called him Pedro, said he was an officer in the army, that she met him in Cuba while traveling with her father, and that a few months after their meeting they were married, and he was ordered to the Philippines. In Manila she became a leader in social circles as she had been at home. Her wealth of gold and beauty, and Pedro's high rank, gave her social prestige and for two short years the very earth seemed to revolve for their special happiness.

Then the baby came, a little pink spirit in whose blue eyes angels had kissed life and light, and for a short time all the birds in the Orient tuned their throats to one sweet, rapturous love song; and the flowers and trees and sun and moon and stars grew grander and lovelier for these happy people in their beautiful home on Gral. Solano. The rough,



Afternoon.

old Pasig that rolled and whirled and foamed past their garden, henceforth flowed in little ripples that laughed and danced all the way to the sea.

But a change came. The new Governor General arrived with his household and took up his abode in the Malacañan. His daughter, born in the sunny south of Spain where the soft breezes of the East are wafted across the Mediterranean, had blossomed and ripened into womanhood while still young. She was a splendid type of Castilian beauty and it was not long before many a decorated veteran was at her feet. Pedro was among the rest.

One day the sun went out of the gilded halls of Gral. Solano, for the baby died; he was brought here and placed in 63. The birds ceased their love choral, the ripples of the Pasig turned into treacherous whirlpools; the mother with a broken heart visited the great convent yonder and took to caring for the sick. In a few weeks small-pox had finished the wreck, and the beautiful girl from Albany, was placed with much pomp and ceremony in 604. Pedro mourned the regulation period, and then married the Governor's daughter, and, after five years took her with his war honors, back to Spain. Three years later the man with a hoe broke the marble slabs on numbers 63 and 604. "That skull with the hair on is mine, baby's was carried off by an American soldier as a relic of this country," the vision added, and as I turned to the skull, a lizard came out of it and scampered away among the bones. From the convent came the chimes of vespers; I started; the vision had gone, and I sat alone with people who could not pay the rent.



Could not pay the rent.



26.93-978



